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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(11:30 PM) (11:30 PM) (11:30 PM) (11:30 PM)
TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Ranger

MUSIC: Quoted, Ranger's Song

ANNOUNCER: Since the ancient pastime of fishing has become so popular, many waters which only a few years ago were well stocked with fish are now becoming depleted. This is especially true of the most easily accessible streams and lakes. In some places, anglers must certainly wade for their fish. In our National Forests however, the United States Forest Service is endeavoring to preserve and increase the opportunities for good fishing in thousands of miles of fishing waters, not only by protection of the watershed and safeguarding the streams, but by a system of scientific fishery management and fishery cooperation with the States and with other agencies in artificial propagation and stocking, protection from overfishing and improvement of streams and lakes to provide more favorable conditions for fish. Among the achievements of the Forest Service have been the successful stocking of a number of streams and lakes which previously had no fish, because insurmountable barriers prevented them from getting in. In the high mountains of the Western States several of these so-called barren lakes, which are capable of supporting large populations of fish if properly stocked, now furnish anglers some of the finest fishing to be found anywhere.

Somebody's going up to the Fire House and I'm going to listen in on Roger Jim Robbins and his assistant Terry Quinn, as some plan planting in one of the areas in their district. He drops in now at the Bureau station and here's Jim in the office --

(READING IN) (WHISTLING TO HIMSELF) I'll be damned if I can find those hip boots anywhere. -- (CALLING) Bess! Say, Bess!

JOE MATH: Yes, Jim.

I thought you said those hip boots of mine were here in the office.

JOE MATH: Just a minute. I'll ring them.

Mr. Martin Luther -- I can find 'em -- I guess -- (TO BESS) If I can think where in the neighborhood of where I might find 'em. (PAUSE) Well, they were, Jim. Right where I told you, under the desk.

What are they doing under there? I never pay 'em to be under the desk. I suppose they walked over by themselves.

Well -- well -- (CHUCKLES) -- Well, yes. I wish you could see them get there.

Yes, I know. Where's Jerry? Has he gone already?

Yes, he went down to the depot to catch the end of the line and get on the train.

Goodness, he's not going to be missed, is he?

JIM: Oh no, Bill, sticking up and doing the same old same.

BECK: What's going to help you?

JIM: Mostly the fellow that asked us last year with the firm.

That belong to the Willow Glen Sportsman's Association.

Andy Goodman and Sherry Stone and ---

BECK: I thought Andy was against shooting the taxes. Didn't he?

Yes, it wasn't work when you had the first planting in Silver Lake last year.

JIM: (MURMURS) I should say he did. He thinks there won't be a fire left from the planting we made last year. He'll tell him they're as healthy looking as ever you ever saw. I bet they had a look at them when we made the first planting last spring.

BECK: Maybe he'll believe it when he sees them.

JIM: Oh, better yet when he catches some of 'em. Say, these boys are kind of inside. They seem to get into this one. Come, let me help you. Let's give your foot a little water. I pull - oh - there it is.

(MURMURS ON SIDE - OFF)

BECK: Good to.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Hello, there, Billy. How are you?

BECK: Well, hello, Billy.

(DOOR CLOSING)

BILLY: (CHILD'S VOICE FADES IN) Hi, Mr. Robbins - - how's
I'm okay. How are you?
JIM: Couldn't be better. What's on your mind this morning?
BILLY: I brought back this fishing boat that my mother borrowed.
BESS: Thank you, Billy. How is your mother?
BILLY: Oh, she's fine, I guess. I didn't ask her how she's feeling.
JIM: What are you doing with yourself now that vacation's over?
BILLY: I keep pretty busy most of the time.
JIM: That right? What are you going to do today?
BILLY: I'm going fishing.
JIM: That's a good way to be busy. But where's your fishing spot?
BILLY: Aw, I don't need no spot to catch fish. I can just go to a
hole with no fish.
JIM: That's really the only way to do it, son. I'm all in favor
of it.
BESS: Where are you going to fish, Billy?
JIM: I don't know, Mrs. Robbins. Maybe I'll go up the river or
anywhere I can hook a fish.
BESS: You must be careful not to fall in.
BILLY: Aw, thanks, I don't want to fall in, Mrs. Robbins.
BESS: Well, that's fine.
BILLY: I guess I better be going. Oh - - my mom said for me not to
forget to say 'thank you' for the fishing boat or you'd
think she didn't want it no longer.

WES: (LAUGHING) You call him and he's welcome to it any day.

WES: (FADING) Sure, I will. So long.

(HEARD DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

WES: (CHUCKLING) Now there, Jess, is a real angler. He's old enough to enjoy fishing for the sport of it, and too young to have a lot of fancy theories about it.

WES: His mother tells me he's quite a fisherman. He almost always comes home with enough for supper.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Next time I go fishing, I guess I'll take him along for good luck.

WES: You'd better watch and let him do the fishing.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Maybe you're right on that, Wes. Well, I guess I'll get along. Gotta get down to the station where they're loading the fish.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

WES: (FADING IN) Say, Jim, will this harbor be all right to come around the wharf?

JIM: I think so, Jerry. -- Got enough ice to keep 'em cool?

JERRY: There's plenty up in the front of the bank -- There's Andy Goodson, Jim. He says he's willing to help us again this time, but he thinks we're all a lot of foolishness.

JIM: That so, Andy?

ANDY: Yes sir, it's a real good time and money, and good fish.

JIM: Uh huh. I expect we'd better take the temperature of the water in the cove before we leave, Jerry. Don't want our fish to die on us now.

JOHN: (FADING) I'll have a look at 'em, Jim.

ANDY: You'll have a harder time catchin' them fish live in the lake than in a milk can, Jim.

JIM: Wait 'till you see the ones we planted in Silver Lake last year. They're big enough to make the limit now.

ANDY: I'd be the last one in Windin' Creek to call you a liar, Jim Robbins -- but there ain't no fish ever lived in that lake afore.

JIM: What makes you think that, Andy?

ANDY: If the Lord had meant for fish to live there, he'd a put 'em there.

JIM: We've had the Bureau of Fisheries help us test the water and food conditions and everything and they reported that (over) there's ideal conditions for bass. And that's what we're planting.

ANDY: Well, sure, or no sure, Jim ain't gonna live where that ain't meant to. I been in those parts since '85 and I ain't seen no mean no wonder in that lake.

JIM: But you can plant or transplant fish like you do trout, Andy; wherever conditions are all right for 'em to live.

ANDY: Who ever heard of plantin' fish?

JOHN: (FADING IN) The temperature averaged sixty Jim about fifty degrees in most of the lake.

JIM: That sounds all right. Tell the boys to stir a little air into 'em and we'll get on up to the lake.

JERRY: (FADING) All right, Jim.

ANDY: What's that you say? Stir air into the cans? Are ye crazy, Jim Robbins?

JIM: (CHUGGLING) Not exactly, Andy. You see stirring up the water circulates fresh air into it and keeps it from getting stale. The fish have to have fresh air just like you do.

ANDY: Blast me if I ever seen the best of it.

JIM: You've got a lot to see, Andy. Got your fishing rod with you?

ANDY: Yes sir. But it's a waste of time takin' it up to that lake.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

FADE IN MOTOR RUNNING

JERRY: (FADING IN) That lake sure looks beautiful through the trees, doesn't it?

JIM: You bet it does, Jerry.

JERRY: Is this the beach where we want to stop, Jim?

JIM: That's it.

ANDY: It is kind of a nice piece of water, ain't it?

JERRY: By golly I wouldn't mind living' there myself if I were a fish.

ANDY: What's holdin' you back?

(MOTOR SLOWS AND STOPS)

JIM: Hang onto the cans, boys. Don't let 'em tip over.

JERRY: Think we're close enough to the water, Jim?

JIM: We can carry the cans down to it.

JERRY: Yeah, that'll be best.

JIM: All right, now, each of you grab a can and take it down to the water. Be careful not to spill 'em or shake 'em up too much.

ANDY: Well, doggone my soul if I ever seen fish get-sucked like this afore.

JERRY: I'll hand 'em down to you, Andy.

ANDY: Not so fast there, young fella.

(CLANK AND SCRAPER OF MILK CANS)

JIM: Now we'll change the water with thoseippers we brought along.

JERRY: Okay, I'll bring 'em.

JIM: All right. Take the cans out into the water till it's about two feet deep and fill 'em up. But go slow with 'em so the chance of temperatures won't hurt the fish.

(SPARKING WATER)

ANDY: Ben! These fish ain't never gonna grow up in this lake. They'll always be stuck before they get half grown. If notn' else happened to 'em first.

JIM: See they had to feed over there, Andy!

ANDY: Fish ain't eat grass, Ranger.

JIM: No, but they live off the other growth around the rocks. That's why we're plantin' 'em here. Because it's a natural feeding ground.

ANDY: What's them things floatin' out there in the lake? Look like rats.

JIM: Those are what we call ladder shiners, Andy. It put 'em out there so the young fish would have some protection after the spawning season. The bass lay their eggs in the gravel on the bottom of the lake and the fish that are hatched develop some kind of shelter.

ANDY: You said you wouldn't have built houses for 'em.
JERRY: Andy, I'll bet you're the first one up here to start fishing when this lake is opened.

ANDY: Well, I won't come here if I'm aimin' to catch fish.

JIM: Now tip the cans over easy into the water, like this.

(WATER SPLASH)

JIM: Just let 'em set a bit and the fish will swim out of 'em by themselves.

(WATER SPLASH)

ANDY: They'll get scared and swim right back, I'm tellin' ya.

JIM: You watch 'em, Andy.

ANDY: Ain't no inkywater fish gonna live in this lake.

JERRY: A year from now, Andy, you'll be able to catch your limit in this lake. Over in Silver Lake, where we planted fish last year, I bet you can catch 'em as fast as you can cast a line. Right now,

ANDY: There ain't a one left of them you put in Silver Lake last year -- as these here ain't gonna last any longer.

JERRY: We'll see, Andy. Say, look at those fish go. They've swam for open water. It doesn't take them long to catch on.

JIM: I guess they're about all out now. Flip the cans up slowly and empty the rest of the fish into the water. Don't

(WATER SPLASH -- AND LAUGHING)

JERRY: There's plenty of fish all right. I soon hate to think of waitin' a couple of years 'til they grow up.

JIM: Well, this ain't the only place you can catch fish in the national forest.

• ANDY: It's a damned good thing it ain't. We'd have to take up
wolves! If it was.

(THEY LAUGH)

• JIM: All right. Now we can take the cans back to the truck and
load 'em up again.

(SOUND: SPLASHING - CLANKING OF CANS)

• JIM: And suppose we drop you off at Silver Lake, Andy, to do a
little fishing.

ANDY: I tell ye there ain't no fish in Silver Lake.

• JIM: We planted 'em there last year, didn't we? Just like we
planted them today.

ANDY: Yes sir. And them all gone, just like them'll all be
gone pretty quick.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, suppose you drop your line in Silver Lake
anyway, Andy, and see what happens. Jim and I have to
check up on the circle trail over there, so we'll pick
up at sundown.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (COILING UP) Hi, Andy - caught any fish?

ANDY: Any fish? (CACKLES) Ranger, where's them fish you was
gonna show me here? The ones you planted here last year?
I ain't seen him since he left of 'em.

JIM: You haven't caught none? — H-o-o-o. Maybe this is the
right day, Andy. But we'll be up here again, and you
oughta get some good ones out of this lake, if you —

ANDY: Did you ever get any of them fish yourself since they was planted?

JIM: Of course I have.

ANDY: Have you seen any of 'em lately.

JIM: No -- it was last Spring, I think.

ANDY: (WITH INCREASING ASSURANCE) Well, Jim, I wouldn't want to doubt yer word for a minute. As I said before, I'd be the last one to tell you a liar, but --

BILLY: (SPEAKING IN) Hi, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Hello there, Billy.

BILLY: Look what I got. Ain't they beauties?

JIM: What are you doing up here? I thought you were going to fish in the creek.

BILLY: I was, but the man I worked with with me come ' this way, so I went fishing down in Silver Lake. Look! Mr. Robbins, I got six of 'em and I didn't feed 'em a very long.

ANDY: You ever caught all them fish in that Silver Lake, young fellow?

BILLY: Yeah. Up there the other side of those trees.

JIM: H-m-m. They're bigger'n I thought they'd be. -- See them, Andy?

ANDY: (CONSIDER) Y-y-you caught 'em here in Silver Lake, eh?

BILLY: Sure I did.

JIM: Didn't I tell you those fish we planted were still here, Andy? (CHUCKLES) Looks like you'd better get the key here to show you how to catch 'em.

BILLY: I've only been fishin' a little while. I was just sharpenin' when I heard the truck drive up.

ANDY: And you caught all them fish since I been here?

BILLY: Yeah. They were bitin' as fast as I could bait the hook.

ANDY: Well, if that ain't the bestestest --- Jim!

JIM: What is it, Andy?

ANDY: I ain't goin' back with you, now. Got some fishin' to do this afternoon.

JIM: Okay, Andy.

ANDY: And Jim --

JIM: Yeah?

ANDY: How soon's you and you're gonna' up the other lake for fishin' where we sniped them little tailers this morning?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) About a year I guess.

ANDY: (EMPHATICALLY) A year! -- Sub? Well! -- I'll be there waitin' for ya.

MUSIC: FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers come to you every Friday on the Five and Nine Hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the U. S. Forest Service.

